

lack of sun shine and fresh air and room. Deplorable indeed is the lot of the children of the poor in foreign cities. Herded together in over crowded and unsanitary tenements; compelled to live in an atmosphere reeking not only with foul odors, but with the still more pestilential breath of immorality and vice; deprived in a large measure of the three physical essentials to health of both body and soul—*room, pure air and sunshine*—and, perhaps worst and most deadly of all, utterly wanting in that ambition and hope by which they might be able to lift themselves out of so sad a condition, their lot is an unhappy one indeed. I imagine that the superiority of our own people taken as a whole, over the people of any other country, is due pretty largely to the better physical conditions prevailing here, as well as to our national pronouncement that "all men are created free and equal."

Calton Hill is said to command one of the finest views to be had anywhere about the city. It has however at least two rivals to such a distinction—Arthur's Seat and Edinburg Castle. Some one said the view from Calton is the best because you can see Arthur's Seat and the Castle both from here which you could not do—that is you could not see them both—if you were standing on either one of them. Aside however from the view which one gets from its breezy summit, the hill presents not a few attractions of its own. From a distance one might imagine it a cemetery from the number of monuments erected on it; on a nearer approach one might think it a park. It is neither. So far as I could learn no one is buried there, tho there are monuments to the memory of many of Scotland's distinguished sons. It seems to be a sort of open air "Hall of Fame," chosen with two objects in view:—the marble and granite reciting the deeds of the illustrious dead are set up where they will be most evident to sight, and where they will be least in the way.

The most striking of the monuments are Nelson's and Burns' and the National. This last commemorates the battle of Waterloo, and was intended to be a copy of the Parthenon at Athens. It was planned on a grand scale; its massive columns contain single blocks of stone weighing fifteen tons; but it was never finished. The failure to complete what would have been so beautiful a monument is to be regretted; a lack of funds was the hindrance—another instance of Scotch frugality. Economy is almost a national trait of the Scotch people.

Some one suggested to a Scotchman that it would be a good plan for the merchants of Edinburgh to have bargain days as many merchants in America do. He answered that it would never do at all in Scotland; and when he was asked for a reason, he said; "If we advertised special bargain days, all our trade would be on those days and we could sell nothing at all at other times."

On the low ground at the foot of Calton Hill stands Holyrood Castle, said to have

been built early in the twelfth century by King David I. It was for a time the royal residence; Mary Queen of Scots occupied it for a while as did other Scottish kings and queens. Its exterior is plain and rather uninviting, and unfortunately I cannot speak of its interior. We expected to see it the last day of our stay in the city, but to our disappointment we found when we reached the entrance, that the palace was not open to visitors at that hour in the morning.

In the years long gone by, when the battles between the churches waxed hot and furious, Edinburgh was one of the storm centres of religious strife; and many memorials of "the days that tried men's souls" still remain.

The visitor to Edinburgh will find much to interest and entertain him; but no historic object which the city contains whether it be palace or castle or Parliament Hall, will have as great power to arouse his emotions as do those things which recall the noble faith and courage of the covenanters, and the zeal of those earlier heroes, the Reformers. The soil of Edinburgh is sown thick with the bones of martyrs. In one church-yard—Greyfriars I think—there is a "martyr's grave" over which is a monument erected to the memory of "about eighteen thousand who were one way and another murdered and destroyed; among them nobles, gentlemen, ministers and others, noble martyrs for Jesus Christ. Most of them lie here." The date given on the stone is "from 1661 to 1688"—a date which corresponds to the time of the conflict between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism, and so we may conclude that these thousands lost their lives in contending against the use of the liturgy. It is said that the war was started by a woman.

The story, for which I cannot vouch, tho it may be true, is this: When the Episcopacy had been established in Scotland, King Charles ordered that the English service-book should be used in every parish. The Dean of St. Giles was about to read, one Sunday morning, the Collect for the day when a woman—Jenny Geddes—who like the other worshipers had brought a stool to sit on while she was in church, remonstrated against the order of the services. She emphasized her remonstrance by flinging her stool at the head of the Dean, and this incident, it is said, started the war. The stool is still kept, along side of Knox's old pulpit, in the Antiquarian Museum. John Knox's house was an object of special interest to me as was also his grave in Parliament Square. It seems a strange place for a grave, but the whole square was once a church-yard and tho many notable citizens are buried in it, only the grave of Knox is pointed out. It is marked by a small flat stone and lettered "I. K. 1572." The outside of his house is lettered too with scriptural texts, but I find myself unable to recall any of them now. The lettering on the outside is not peculiar to the Knox house how-

ever. I saw texts, proverbs, exhortations and such like, on many buildings in the old part of the city, particularly in High Street where Knox's house is located.

Edinburgh Castle is of course one of the show places of the city, and tho it did not have for me quite the same interest that Stirling Castle had, still I spent quite a good deal of time in and about it and would have been glad to remain still longer. The hill upon which the castle stands is several hundred feet high, and on three sides it is very steep—almost perpendicular in fact. On the fourth side the ascent is more gradual. On entering the castle gate, after having passed up thru a long parade ground, one finds that the hill continues to ascend even inside the castle walls. We climbed to the summit and had a magnificent view not only of the city lying at our feet, but of a wide expanse of country extending in every direction except to the south and west where Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag shut out the view. Arthur's Seat is to Edinburgh what Mt. Washington is to Pittsburg, or better still what Westmont is to Johnstown. One of the first objects to attract our attention when we reached the citadel was a big, old fashioned cannon, and a heap of round stones about fifteen inches or more in diameter beside it. When the cannon was in use stones like these were fired out of it instead of cannon balls. The gun was forged in 1476—before the discovery of America and was used in war for many years, having been captured by Cromwell in 1650, the name of it is "Mons Meg;" and tho it is incapable of doing any harm now, it has quite a bloody history. Occupying the highest part of the citadel, and directly behind Mons Meg is St. Margaret's Chapel. It is said to be the oldest building in Edinburgh and the smallest church in Great Britain. It is not particularly interesting except for its age of which it bears many marks. We went into the Crown Room and saw the Scottish Regalia—the crown, the sceptre and the sword of state, and perhaps some other baubles, mute witnesses of a glory which has departed. We saw Queen Mary's room, the room in which James VI was born, and other objects interesting and curious, but time would fail me to tell of it all, so I shall abruptly close my letter here.

Hagerstown, Md.

The Home

Not As Other Men

MARGARET H. WENTWORTH

How dare I thank Thee, Lord, that I
Am sound and strong in ev'ry limb,
When in the street one passes by
Maimed or deformed, with eyeballs dim?
Shall not my pride of strength seem snatched
from him?

How dare I thank Thee, Lord, that I
Miss no loved faces from my side
When others see their children die,
And one his wife, scarce more than bride?
Shall not my joy in loving show like pride?